

The story of my life by Faraheim

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Summary:

Billy gets a big opportunity at the worst possible moment.

Steve makes the decision for him.

(Check end Notes for possible triggers)

The story of my life

It's seven a.m when Billy gets the call. Wakes him up from deep sleep so he takes a second to detach from Steve's warm body.

It's *the* call the one he's been waiting since he learned what a Pulitzer was. The one realistically, he's been counting on, since July. He knows it's a great opportunity and it might *make* his career. The big story he's been working so hard that really needs this interview to be finished. It's his *big break* as his intern Melissa, likes to say.

And he's about to tell Mel he won't make it. It's hard because his brain is still foggy so Billy tries to chase the sleep rubbing a hand over his face.

Maybe he wants to take it for about 0.01 seconds but he won't. He knows he won't. He won't be able to focus and he just can't.

Not right now.

He takes too long when Steve grabs the phone from him and replies, also, still half asleep voice shot to hell "Billy will be there, Melly. Give him an hour please. Yeah-" he clears his throat. Billy can barely make up what she says on the other side "hmmm okay bye and- yeah" he stops. Softer then "thank you"

Billy sends him a look. It's early but the sun is peaking through the blinds. So he knows Steve can see it.

Steve moves to put the phone back in the bedside table. Billy hears the mountain of pillows Steve has on his side of the bed fall on the floor and refrains from commenting on it. His boyfriend uses the opportunity and makes himself a place in between Billy's shoulder and neck huffing disgruntled "Come on Bill" the words tickle in his ear "It's fine. This is a great opportunity and it might not come again" his boyfriend noses the place like a cat. Stubble worrying the skin. A shiver runs down Billy's back.

"Nah, it's okay. I know the next one will come" Billy counters kissing Steve on the forehead. Enjoying the moment. Tries not to think about

it. This chance means nothing in the grand scheme of things.

Steve turns, his big eyes fall on him with a considering look. All serious "you've been working on this for *months* babe. It's fine you know, this could be the story of your *life*"

Billy looks at Steve's brown tired eyes and says slow and soft a bit charming too "you are the story of my life" kisses his cheek and slides his hand over the buzz-cut Steve sports. Missing the long hair so much.

Billy feels the warm trail of the tears spilling from Steve's beautiful sleepy eyes so he dries them, brushes his thumb against the wet skin of his cheeks. Taking in his lovely face. Sleepy Steve is the best. Billy knows he doesn't sleep much so when he does is a relief.

"I just don't want you to lose this chance in case... You know" Steve shrugs. Billy freezes.

In case I die he doesn't say.

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Steve gets headaches sometimes. Billy Dims the lights and tries to turn off anything that might make it worse, tries to massage Steve's temple. Sometimes it works sometimes, nothing helps. It's been getting worse for a while. Intermittent. "I think I have to see a doctor, Billy. I couldn't sleep all night again"

"Again? You didn't wake me" he attempts not to sound angry. But he can't help but turn accusatory, like Steve can't trust him.

Steve winces "You have that big tv thing, it's okay. I just- it really hurts" he feels like crying maybe, but Billy has to go and if Steve starts he won't stop. So he doesn't.

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The doctor gives Steve some pills.

They work for a while. He manages to sleep a lot better, and Bill loses the permanent frown he's been sporting but Steve knows something's off.

When the headaches start to get worse even after taking the pills he tries to endure. A week later after a few minutes the headaches make him vomit.

He doesn't tell Billy.

Steve's at Melvald in front of Joyce when he feels like fainting, feels the blood drain from his face.

His head is pounding, about to explode. By the time Joyce makes him sit on a chair at the room with the sad 'Employees only' sign. He's trying not to puke but it comes sudden when his head throbs. He tries desperately to catch it in his hands. He fails.

Steve makes a mess all over the floor that Joyce has to clean. Half digested pancakes that Billy cooked in the morning and made him eat with a bunch of blueberries. Steve doesn't like the splash of blue contrasting on the white tile.

He tells her then about the headaches, she almost gasps.

"Honey" she says concerned. She hugs him for a long time even when he smells and his clothes are gross. She lends him a shirt and they clean up when he can finally stand.

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He goes to a Neurologist and asks for all the possible tests.

He's with Joyce when they do the MRI. And she's the one crying when they leave.

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"Umm Hi, baby I just wanted to know if you were coming back." he stops "I mean I know you are coming back- just tell me when and uh yeah that. I mis- I miss you. Bye" Exhales. And softly curses. "This is so unfair" under his breath. He's a mess.

Steve replays the voicemail *"Baby hey, I didn't think this was gonna take so long. It's a big thing so I still need to get this guy's statement on things. You know. But definitely by Friday, I will be there for Monday. Can't miss date night huh?"* a self deprecating chuckle *"And since when you let calls go to voice mail?"* Billy laughs *"love you! I gotta go. Call me, okay?"*

Steve didn't pick up the call because he knows he would instantly spill everything the moment he heard Billy's voice.

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Since they started dating it was always Steve being supported. Billy oddly enough liked to take 'care' of Steve it was a *thing* with him. Steve likes that about Billy in spite of all the work he does to put up a cold front. Billy obviously cares and thinks deeply about the people he deems close.

Dustin once said he approved of Billy only because he made the whole 'The one who is trying to hold the universe in place' routine of his, null. Dustin said that Billy really looked after Steve even when Steve was too busy taking care of others.

Billy made him feel like he didn't need to go crazy anymore. Like he can take time to himself when Billy is the one to remind him. The one holding him.

Billy and Steve didn't always see eye to eye. To put it lightly. They went to college together, sharing a few classes before Steve dropped out. Billy always got on his last nerve. Always tried to fight him *always* on Steve's case. a retort ready for any argument Steve made in class.

Steve could count on Hargrove to be looking like a hungry fucking hyena wagging his tongue and cackling madly any time he decided to look back.

It wasn't until Steve stopped attending that Billy had a change of heart, a different approach.

One day while Steve was eating cold pizza in pajamas. A pounding

came from the door. Surprised and weirded out because he wasn't expecting anybody and especially nobody this rude he went to the door.

He found Billy Hargrove at his house. Dropped by to 'apologize' like he was the reason of the whole ordeal (he wasn't) and then Steve had to tell him that he didn't have the money for it long term and since he was going to be a writer- and Billy didn't laugh, didn't make a face- asked interested. "Really?"

It all went from there. Really getting to know Bill as a person. It took a while thought, for Bill to learn communication.

They had their stupid fights and the not so stupid ones. Broke up once (that was on Steve) but managed to get this relationship to last, once they learned each other and Billy mellowed. They found stability.

It wasn't difficult with Bill, it wasn't easy but it wasn't bullshit and that is all Steve had to ask for.

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Steve doesn't like lying but he knows is necessary Bill has a proper career that Steve can't ruin. So he enlists Max to command his phone during the operation. She's not happy about it by the slant of her mouth, lips tightly pressed, jaw tightly clenched. So much like Billy. She understands though.

Steve counted on Billy to be back by now but he doesn't regret the lie.

He breathes and wishes he could hear Billy telling him good luck, he's scared. And worrying the hem of his blue medical gown doesn't help.

Dustin and Max are here. Dustin inside his room has asked twice now if he wants a snickers bar loud enough to be heard from outside. The sound of Max slapping a hand over her face and groaning in dismay faint but recognizable. Steve laughs but refuses gently.

Joyce is coming with Hopp later even when he told them it wasn't

necessary. He wants Billy. Rationally Billy can't do much but pray and worry his necklace for hours, but having him here would have let him breathe easier... or maybe not.

He listens to the voicemail one last time. Then the nurse is coming for him. Still in the blue operating gown, letting his ass hang out for everyone to see. Billy would love that.

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Billy is looking for a shirt after getting to the hotel from his interview glad that he had the chance and that he didn't abandon Steve. The contact is leaving for Austria and Billy can't realistically ask the newspaper for a ticket. So he's glad but tired and in need of a few hours of rest before taking the long drive home. Be there for Steve until Monday rolls. He gets to the last change of clothes from the bottom of his suitcase when a sheet of folded print paper flutters to the floor.

When he picks it up Steve's spidery script greets him and he smiles.

Hey babe, just wanted to wish you all the luck in the world. I don't say it but I really think you're amazing and you are going to be fucking outstanding. I just know it.

Billy's throat closes. Unnerved by the letter, this doesn't seem like previous light messages his boyfriend leaves for him to find.

I don't want to say goodbye when you go, because then it would feel like the last time. Like I was saying goodbye for real and I don't want to say it to you. It's easier to say it like this, I think. I don't think I could do it well looking at your sad eyes. Sorry.

I never I just feel like this was so short and that we wasted so much time even though we didn't, any time with you will never be enough, not to me.

I could spend three lifetimes knowing you and it wouldn't be. I love you so much.

I wanted to send you off with a happy memory. I'm sweet like that. I'm glad you came barreling into my life and I'm glad to have loved you (and will continue to love you. Lots and lots even when you kidnap my pillows)

I'm sorry I lied too. I miss you already.

Tears build in his eyes and he exhales getting himself with courage to power through this note without his heart breaking.

I spoke to Melly and asked her when your contact was available. I'm sorry I lied about when the surgery was happening (it's on Thursday) but I'm looking out for you. Just like you've been doing for me all this time. I'm sure you'll be back for the big event if nothing

Hopefully I will be waiting for your well deserved lecture! I won't be picking your calls 'til you come back because you know I can't lie for shit to your face.

I do love you. Sorry :)

Your one and only Steve Harrington

By the time he gets to the last of Steve's letter his eyes are blurred with tears.

He takes a second then two. Breathes. Feels like he's going to pass out. Sits on the hotel bed and dries the tears but they keep falling.

Billy doesn't- he doesn't know what to do he was supposed to be back yesterday. Cold fear grips his chest. He could be here sitting on this bed and Steve- he doesn't know what happened to Steve. His hands shake reaching for the phone in his pocket. The contact was too squirrely to do one long interview so Billy complied to the second one today. He was supposed to be back home if-

His fingers shake as he calls Steve's phone. The date glaring back at him.

Max's voice answers.

"Billy"

Author's Note:

If you don't like sad things or illness. Do not read.
Steve gets very sick.
Open ending.

tumblr tags

HOW CAN I COME UP WITH NICE SHIT AND THEN
MAKE IT ANGST SO FAST ALL OF THIS CAME
FROM THE 'YOU ARE THE STORY OF MY LIFE' LIKE
BILLY WAS A JOURNALIST MINDING HIS OWN BIZ
AND THEN I THINK BUT WHAT IF STEVE WAS
DYING WHAT THEN BILLY